

Dumbass Steve and the Firework Chicken by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Steve tries out a new recipe it does not turn out.

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“Making dinner.” Steve says like it should be obvious and maybe it should what with the oven pan containing a chicken covered in herbs, but he is confused about the large firework next to it, Tommy is having trouble figuring out what it is for.

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Steve takes the kids to the flea market a town over, ending up with a haul of fresh fruits and candied nuts before the kids are dragging him into a little shop selling fireworks. Despite that fourth of July night spent in Starcourt the kids still think fireworks are awesome, hell they might like them even more after having used them to defeat an inter dimensional monster. Steve is hesitant because Billy understandably does not do well around fireworks. The kids keep insisting, making a promise not to use them anywhere near the house or the mechanic shop and to give Steve's a heads up on the where and when and Steve goes in with them.

Steve is definitely not planning on buying any, he does not have any use for fireworks but the salesman is very persistent, he is not really taking no for an answer and just starts spitting out various uses for fireworks trying to convince him. The kids scoff at some of his suggestions because obviously he is full of shit but Steve, poor gullible Steve is taken in by the spiel and when the man mentions cooking with them well Steve is curious. One of the kids points out that the man is "full of shit, no one cooks with fireworks" but the man insists, even offers to write a recipe out for Steve and well Billy is going out of town next week, he could give it a try without worrying about upsetting him.

Max is not with them on this trip or she would have nipped this shit in the bud and told Billy as soon as they got home because she's the only one with all her common sense intact. Instead Steve stashes his fireworks and the recipe in the rarely used guest room closet until next weekend. Steve is excited about it, it is one of the only things keeping him from getting too sad about a whole weekend without Billy but he is going to have Tommy around for the weekend to keep him company like old times and Steve has missed just hanging out and shooting the shit with him.

Tommy shows up with a duffle bag and booze shortly before Billy is leaving, gets a firm “Keep him the fuck out of trouble this time or I swear to god Hagan!” from Billy on his way out the door. Billy ignores the middle finger Tommy sends his way as he pauses to give Steve one last kiss before he leaves.

They do stay out of trouble the first night just watching shitty movies and drinking too much, both waking up a little hungover and lounging on the couch all morning watching cartoons and eating soggy cereal while they kick and shove at each other trying to make the other go get more snacks during commercials. By dinner they are a little more human and bored and hungry again and that is when Steve remembers the fireworks and the chicken.

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“Making dinner.” Steve says like it should be obvious and maybe it should what with the oven pan containing a chicken covered in herbs, but he is confused about the large firework next to it, Tommy is having trouble figuring out what it is for.

“What’s the firework for?” Tommy decided to just ask as he picks it up and inspects it, it is pretty big and Tommy is honestly surprised Steve has it, what with Billy’s PTSD.

“To cook the chicken.” Steve says grabbing the firework and a nearby flower pot where the plant that once grew inside has long since shriveled up and died.

“I’m sorry you’re doing what now?” Tommy asks, blinking and Steve just waves his hand at the flap of paper tucked under the oven tray. Tommy scoops it up while Steve sets up his things further from the

house, on the other side of the pool and honestly Tommy is a little surprised he had the forethought to do that. Probably only because when they were eight and they shot roman candles off in the house it nearly burned down, some lessons do stick. Tommy reads over the directions and he is pretty sure this is not how cooking works but he is also really curious to see what happens, he has one issue though. "You forgot the oven mitts, it says it's going to be hot."

"Oh right, thanks Tommy" Steve shoots him a smile before he disappears into the house and Tommy settles on a lounge next to the chicken. When Steve comes back out he has an apron on and the oven mitts are in his hand. "Let me see the recipe again." Steve says as he comes over quickly scanning it before handing it back to Tommy and dropping the oven mitts on the lounge as he grabs the tray.

Tommy watches as Steve handles the chicken, laughing at the disgusted face he makes as he handles it with his bare hands struggling to slide it onto the firework. Eventually he gets it wiping his hands on his apron before digging a lighter out, the wind is blowing and it takes a few tries to light it. Steve whooping with success as a flame slowly travels up the fuse and Steve settles back on his haunches watching it.

"Stevie get your ass over here." Tommy barks standing as panic curls in his stomach with the realization that his dumbass friend intends to stay so close. Steve jumps, nearly stumbles into the pool before getting his feet under him and giving Tommy a '*what the fuck*' look. "Get the fuck over here before you get hurt!" Tommy shouts, the panic does not ease until Steve is next to him and Tommy gives him a punch in the arm for scaring him.

"Ow what the fuck Tommy." Steve complains pouting as he rubs at the spot, Tommy rolls his eyes he did not hit him that hard he is just being a baby.

"You trying to get yourself killed, you don't stand that close to

fireworks, I-” Tommy cuts off at the whistling sound the firework makes as it shoots up into the sky, chicken going with it. Both of them stare watching it rise into the sky.

“The recipe didn’t say anything about it going in the air.” Steve says frowning, Tommy just huffs and shakes his head, he is not surprised by that but he is surprised it goes up as high as it does, but he does not think it has gone nearly high enough when the first boom cracks through the air.

A few seconds later they are both shouting and screaming as flaming chicken carcass rains down on them, both of them running around trying to avoid the bigger chunks as fireworks light the sky in a rainbow of color. Neither of them manages to avoid all of it and some lands on the roof, in the pool, splattering against the concrete as both of them find shelter under the little awning above the sliding glass door. “I don’t know what I did wrong.” Steve whines, hissing as he pokes at a small burn on his arm.

“I’m pretty sure listening to the fireworks salesman was the first mistake.” Tommy says ear stinging where a piece had caught him.

“He said it was a good recipe.” Steve says, poking at another spot before Tommy smacks his hands.

“Stop it you’re going to make it worse,” Tommy sucks his teeth when Steve rolls his eyes. “And I am pretty sure that recipe was bullshit.” Tommy does not miss the way Steve’s eyes cut away at that word, still sensitive about it after all these years. “It’s pretty though.” Tommy offers bumping their shoulders together until Steve smiles with a hum of agreement.

They stand there watching the firework run its course before leaving the cover on the awning despite the fact that the carcass rain had stopped a while ago. There is yellow orange light shining off of the pool and making the evening brighter than it should be “That’s

pretty, I wonder what it is.” Steve says while Tommy turns looking for whatever they have obviously set on fire. It does not take a lot of looking, just a turn and a tip of his head. Tommy spins Steve around and points at the roof. “Not again!” Steve whines rushing inside to call the fire department.

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Billy knows something is up as soon as he gets home, recognizes the tire tracks in the lawn, familiar by now with the ones the local fire truck makes in the Harrington yard. The house only has a faint smoky smell so whatever his dumbass boyfriend and Tommy did it appears to have been minor, he really hopes they do not have to replace the toaster again though, he just got used to the settings on this one. Billy finds his boyfriend and Tommy splayed out on the couch sleeping with their feet tangled together, both of them with bandages in varying spots and anger and concern fill him.

Billy shoves Tommy off of the couch, startling Steve awake in the process. “What did I tell you Hagan!”

“What the fuck Billy!”

“You’re home!” They all shout at the same time and Billy ends up with Steve’s tight arms around his neck pulling him down to the couch before he can make Tommy regret not being a better babysitter.

“Hey pretty boy.” Billy greets Steve who octopuses around him as soon as he is seated on the couch, sliding into his lap demanding his full attention. “I’ll deal with you later Hagan.” Billy hisses before giving Steve what he wants.

Tommy makes a rude gesture at him but wisely leaves while the two of them are sucking face, he does not want to be here when Steve

tells him about the chicken and the firework and resulting fire. He probably could linger a few hours, Billy always ends up distracted, trying to fuck Steve's brains out after he has done something stupid. But Tommy does not really want to hang out for that either, better to get a head start out of town. He makes plans to go visit Carol on campus for a few days, let Billy get over Tommy doing nothing to prevent this.

Author's Note:

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